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WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
Inside this comic...
Grundhelm's Grudge
A dwarf never forgives
UNHOLY ALLIANCE
Parmis is dying
BLOODQUEST
Chaos pirate attack!
Darkblade
Into the labyrinth
TITAN
It's war!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

Visions, come to me now! Show me the endless planes of existence! Show me the mighty armies of Chaos as they teem across the universe. Show me how my corrupt masters' deliciously foul plans are working to destroy all! Ah, the mist clears... I see a daemon-cursed Dark Elf... oh look, and the tower of Eradorius! Now he *was* a Chaos sorcerer to be reckoned with, one of the most despicably insane dabblers in the diabolic arts it was ever my pleasure to meet. A fine fellow, sorely missed. Such a pity he died... before I could kill him!

By the Emperor! *How much more of these crazed ravings must I endure, trapped in the Warp with this madman? His days are numbered, mark you, as the forces of the Imperium gather. A month from now and there shall be such a reckoning! A month? I can barely wait that long.*

Starting in issue four...

EPHRAEL STERN, SISTER OF BATTLE, IN 'DAEMONIFUGE'. BELIEVE IT.

Only in the next Warhammer Monthly!

DARKBLADE
The Dark Elf searches for the next artefacts that will help free the daemon Tz'arkan – within the depths of a sorcerous labyrinth

GRUNDHELM'S GRUDGE
Thorgrim Grundhelm hates Elves. Well, they did steal his mine. And now he's out of jail someone's going to pay!

TITAN
Hekate is the new commander of Imperius Dictatio but how will his reluctant crew react to a Gargant attack?

UNHOLY ALLIANCE
Parmis is dying, its ancient walls no longer able to withstand the armies that besiege it. But is there one faction still willing to offer assistance?

BLOODQUEST
The crew of the Exile continue their search for the lost sword of Belarius. But in the depths of space foul Chaos lurks.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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by Simon Davis

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LISTEN NOW TO MORE OF THE TALE OF MALUS DARKBLADE DRUCHII DARK ELF SERVANT OF CHAOS
HEAR HOW HE WAS ENSLAVED TO SEARCH FOR FIVE RELICS OF UNHOLY POWER ENSLAVED BY THE FOUL DEMON TZARKAN
AND HEAR NOW THE STORY OF THE SECOND RELIC
SO, THIS IS THE PLACE ?
YES, MALUS. THE SECOND OBJECT I SEEK IS HERE.
THIS IS THE TOWER OF THE INSANE SORCEROR ERADORIUS. STEP CAUTIOUSLY, MALUS. HE IS LONG DEAD BUT THE TAINT OF HIS CORRUPT MAGICK IS EVERYWHERE.
ITS JUST A TUMBLEDOWN OLD RUIN DAEMON WHAT COULD POSSIBLY

DarkBlade

PART THREE

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT

ART · KEV HOPGOOD

A MAGIC LABYRINTH, MALUS... DEVISED BY ERADORIUS IN HIS DOTAGE, BEFORE DISEASE AND INFIRMITY TOOK HIM OFF. IT REPRESENTS THE TWISTED RECESSES OF HIS RAVING PSYCHE. AND THE WORST OF IT IS-
JUST TELL ME HOW I CAN FIND MY WAY AROUND, DAEMON! I DON'T WANT TO GET LOST IN HERE!
WE WILL LEAVE A TRAIL, MALUS... A THREAD...
VERY WELL
HOW MUCH LONGER? I CANNOT TELL IF IT'S BEEN DAYS OR MERELY HOURS. THIS PLACE SMELLS OF DEATH AND MADNESS!
NOT FAR NOW, MALUS.
WHAT WAS THAT? A SNUFFLING, A GRUNTING? I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS PLACE WAS DEAD, DAEMON
I SAID ERADORIUS WAS DEAD.

KHAINE'S BLOODY INNARDS !
SMTCHH
BUT HE DIDN'T LEAVE HIS LABYRINTH UNGUARDED.
A BULL-MAN !
GHAARCHH!
YES, QUITE THE FASHION AS LABYRINTH GUARDS IN ERADORIUS'S DAY ---
DAMN YOUR DEAMON THREAD ! IT BINDS MY ARM !
DON'T LET IT BREAK, MALUS, OR WE ARE LOST IN HERE !
AGHHH !
HE FEELS NOTHING OF MY BLOWS !

DON'T LET HIM DRIVE YOU BACKWARDS, YOU FOOL!
NOOOO!
DAEMON! DO SOME-THING!
HE IS RELENTLESS! I CANNOT-
I... CANNOT. IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO KEEP THE THREAD FROM BREAKING...
GNNHH! THEN LET'S SEE IF THIS DULL WITTED OX...
CRRCHH?
CAN KEEP HIS FEET!

SO THIS IS WHAT WE CAME FOR? THIS PIECE OF BRASS SCRAP?
GRAAAAAAAAA!
IT IS THE SECOND TALISMAN. THE IDOL OF KOLKUEH. WELL DONE, MALUS.
EH?
NOW YOU HAVE TAKEN THE TALISMAN, ERADORIUS'S ENCHANTMENTS ARE CANCELLED. THE TOWER IS DESTROYING ITSELF. IT IS SICK OF THE DARK MAGIC.
I KNOW HOW IT FEELS...
DARKBLADE RETURNS IN ISSUE 5 WITH "FLESH AND BLOOD"

Grundhelm's Grudge
Script Pat Mills + Debbie Gallagher
Art Karl Kopinski
Letters David Pugh
'THORGRIM GRUNDHELM. YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF THE CRIMES OF MANSLAUGHTER AND GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM AGAINST PEACEABLE ELF TRADERS'.
'NOTWITHSTANDING YOUR CLAIMS OF PROVOCATION, THE COURT HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO SENTENCE YOU TO FIVE YEARS IN CHAINS'.
CURSED ELVES, KILL 'EM ALL, THE THIEVIN' LITTLE —
NOW YOU GO EASY, GRUNDHELM- 'LESS YOU WANT TO END UP BACK HERE AGAIN.
YEAH, YEAH, I'M ALRIGHT, MATE. I'VE GOT ME GRUDGE.
GAAH... BEGGARS.. PLAGUE,, MIDDENHEIM AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE. DON'T RECKON I MISSED MUCH IN PRISON.

YES, YES, MASTER GRUNDHELM, YOU ARE DUE TO BE HEARD TODAY, BUT YOU MUST BEAR WITH US... THERE'S BEEN A MINOR PROBLEM IN THE CASE PRECEDING YOURS.
WAKE UP, SERGEANT SCHNAPPLER! WAKE UP!
ZZZZZZZZ!
THIS IS A DISGRACE! CLEARLY DRUNK AND DISORDERLY ON DUTY!
BRING HIM ROUND! WE INSIST HE IS CONSCIOUS TO HEAR OUR VERDICT!
IT'S NO USE, YOUR HONOURS... MY CLIENT IS ER... OVERWHELMED WITH DISTRESS AT THIS SLUR UPON HIS HONOUR.
ZZZ... MINE'S A PINT OF ADLERBRAU ... ZZZ
VERY WELL. BRING THE NEXT CASE FORWARD!
THE CASE OF THORGRIM GRUNDHELM'S MINE.

RIGHT, HERE'S THE STORY OF ME GRUDGE... 947 YEARS AGO, ME ANCESTOR DURAKA GRUNDHELM- THAT'S HIM THERE, YER HONOURS- FOUNDED A MINE IN THE MIDDLE OF REIKWALD FOREST...
S'A RIGHT LITTLE GOLDMINE, GOT ITS OWN WATER SUPPLY AND EVERYTHING.
BUT WHILE WE WAS DEFENDIN' OUR CLAN'S HALL AT THE WORLD'S EDGE MOUNTAINS...
THESE GROGGIN' ELVES TURNED UP AND NICKED IT!
HMM... AND WAS THIS THE REASON FOR THE ASSAULTS WHICH LED TO YOUR IMPRISONMENT FIVE YEARS AGO?
YEP. DONE ME TIME, NOW I WANT ME MINE BACK, ALL FAIR AND ABOVE BOARD. LOOK, HERE'S ME DEEDS OF OWNERSHIP.
US WEISS
OOH... MY HEAD...
HMM...IT APPEARS YOU DO INDEED HAVE A RIGHTFUL CLAIM...
BUT THE ELVES YOU KILLED HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR MINE!
THEY'RE ELVES, AIN'T THEY? ELVES STOLE ME MINE, COOL AS YOU LIKE, SO I FIGURE THE MORE DEAD ELVES THERE IS, THE MORE CHANCE I GOT OF GETTING ME MINE BACK. ONE DAY MIGHT BE NO ELVES, IF I TRY REALLY HARD. THEN I GOTTA GET ME MINE BACK, RIGHT?
SO WHAT HAPPENED AT THE MINE THEN?

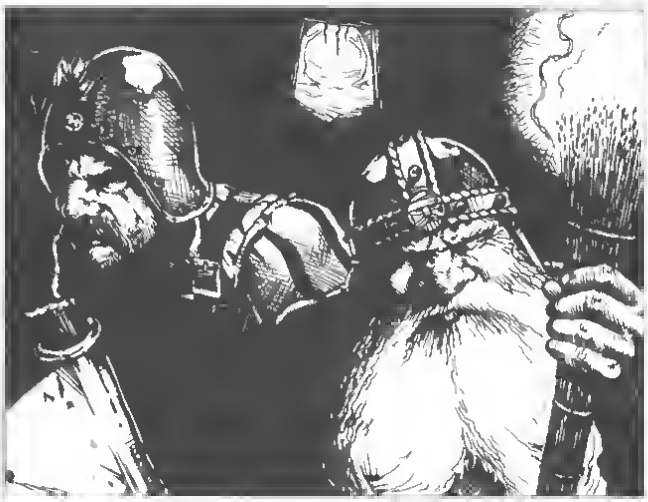
TURNED UP TO RECLAIM ME RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE AFTER TREKKING ACROSS HALF THE WORLD AND GOT PEPPERED WITH ELFY ARRERS. LIKE A PORKYPINE, I WAS.
BUMPED INTO SOME POINTY-EARED GITS ON THE WAY BACK TO MIDDENHEIM... AND I JUST 'AD TO 'AVE 'EM!
WELL... THE AREA OF REIKWALD FOREST YOU CLAIM DOES INDEED FALL WITHIN OUR JURISDICTION AND WE CAN THERE FORE AUTHORISE YOU TO REPOSSESS THE MINE.
BUT THERE'S TO BE NO FUNNY BUSINESS GRUNDHELM. NO KILLING ELVES.
AND TO ENSURE YOU DO NOT...
SERGEANT SCHNAPPLER HERE WILL ACCOMPANY YOU TO MAINTAIN THE PEACE.
EH?
BUT HE'S MAD! VICIOUS! DERANGED! LOOK AT HIM!
WELL THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE SENTENCE FOR YOUR CRIME...
A SHORT SOJOURN AT BLACK FIRE PASS.
HELL'S TEETH!

MUTTER, MUTTER... ELVEN GITS... POINTY-EARED, FOXY-FACED, SKINNY, RUNTY, ARRER-SHOOTIN' SODS... MUTTER, MUTTER...

MAYBE BLACK FIRE PASS WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER...

THERE IT IS! ME MINE!

SO WHERE ARE ALL THESE ELVES THEN?
DUNNO. IT HAS BEEN FIVE YEARS. LET'S GO INSIDE.



THAT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT I'VE EVER SEEN!

I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS!
GRUNDHELM! OVER THERE!
KILLKILL MENMEN!
KILLKILL!!
SKAVEN!

AAGH!
HURTYES? CUTYOU, KILLYOU!!!
NOT IN MY MINE, VERMIN!
THEY'RE BACKING OFF! WHY?
HERE'S WHY!
RAT-OGRE!
RAARGH!
UUH!

SMASH!
NOT BAD, SCHNAPPLER.
PITY. NOW I COULD USE A DRINK.
SOME TIME LATER...
...SO YOU SEE, THEY HAD BEEN POISONING THE SPRING BENEATH THE MINE FOR YEARS, BLIGHTING THE WELLS THAT SUPPLIED MIDDENHEIM...
WE SET A TRAP HERE, BUT YOU TURNED UP AT THE WRONG MOMENT AND WE HAD TO WARN YOU OFF.
IF WE HAD KNOWN WHAT A HERO YOU WERE, WE WOULD HAVE ASKED FOR YOUR HELP STRAIGHT AWAY.
SO NOW, GREAT WARRIOR, WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT. IS THERE ANY FAVOUR THE WOOD ELVES CAN DO FOR YOU?
YES...
YOU CAN JUST GET OUT OF ME GROGGIN' MINE!!
THE END

FOR A WEEK, I HAVE WALKED AS A GOD WALKS
I HAVE FOUGHT AS A GOD FIGHTS
I AM IMPERIUS DICTATIO
KNEEL BEFORE ME AND BEG FOR YOUR LIVES!
MY BATTLEGROUND IS BALOR SECUNDUS MY FOE, THE ORK SCUM
YESTERDAY, MY GUNS RAZED A CITY IN THE DUNE SEA AND INCINERATED TEN THOUSAND GREEN HIDES ARMIES CHEERED ME AS I MARCHED PAST IN TRIUMPH
I DID NOT EVEN THINK TO ASK THE CITYS NAME
TITAN
UNTO DUST
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS & ANDY LANNING

CITIES CRUMBLE AND CHAR BEFORE ME, LEGIONS CHANT MY NAME I AM IMPERIUS DICTATIO YET
I WAS PRINCEPS CADET ERVIN HEKATE UNTIL A WEEK AGO POSTED ABOARD AS AN OBSERVER WHEN THE TITANS PRINCEPS DIED IN THE HEAT OF COMBAT
ONLY I WAS CAPABLE OF TAKING HIS PLACE
IT'S CALLED A FIELD PROMOTION I BELIEVE
THE CREW ARE NOT YET CONFIDENT IN MY ABILITIES I CAN NOT BLAME THEM TAKE NALLEN THE TACTICAL OFFICER
ENTERING THE DUNE SEA REGION NOW PRINCEPS SENSORS READ DUST STORMS RISING TO THE SOUTH
HE CANNOT HIDE HIS THOUGHTS HE REGARDS ME AS A TEMPORARY SPARE PART BOTCHED IN TO MAKE DO TO BE STRIPPED OUT WHEN WE RETURN TO THE SILOS
PRINCEPS! WE HAVE A WEAK CONTACT! FOUR KILOMETRES BEARING SOUTH-EAST
I WILL PROVE HIM WRONG AND THE OTHERS TOO
BY MARS! I HAVE BARELY MORE FAITH IN MY ABILITIES THAN THEY!
WHERE? I SEE NOTHING! RESOLVE THE PATTERN! I WANT CLEAR HARD RETURNS!

BUT SOMEONE DOES SOMEONE WHO LURKS BEHIND MY EYES, BESIDE MY VISION, A GHOST IN THE LINK
YOU ARE PRINCEPS NOW HEKATE THERE'S NO TURNING BACK
TRIUMPH OR OBLIVION
MACABEE MY PREDECESSOR, A CREAKING SPECTRE OF RUST AND OLD BLEACHED BONES WHISPERING TO ME FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE TITAN'S SOUL
IT'S THE RISING DUST-STORM PRINCEPS IT'S BLOCKING OUR LONG RANGE SWEEPS I'VE LOST THE SIGNAL
REAQUIRE IT. TACTICAL RIGHT NOW
I'M TRYING PRINCEPS!
FIND IT YOU DOG! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!
YES, MODERATI!

SHOULD I TAKE THE WEAPONS TO ACTIVE PRINCEPS? JUST TO BE READY?
PRUDENT DO IT MODERATI VOSS
VOSS...MY SENIOR OFFICER...THE MAN WHO'S IDEA IT WAS FOR ME TO TAKE ON THIS ROLE. HE MASKS HIS FEELINGS BETTER THAN MOST BUT I SENSE HIS UNEASE
OH HELL! GARGANT! GARGANT! RIGHT ON TOP OF US! TWO HUNDRED METRES!
USING THE DUST-STORM AS COVER, RUNNING ON BLIND UNTIL IT WAS ON US. A MASSIVE ORK WAR MACHINE COMES FROM NOWHERE
WE ARE HIT. VOID SHIELDS FAIL. ANCIENT PLATING SPLINTERS. PISTONS BURST. CABLE LINKS SEVER. THREE SERVITORS ARE VAPORISED
AGONY SPURTS THROUGH MY RIB CAGE AS I SHARE THE PAIN. I SCREAM THE WORDS
BRING ALL BATTERIES TO BEAR! FIRE LOW! AT GROUND LEVEL!

THEY DO AS I ORDER. BUT I SENSE THEIR QUESTIONS.
MY DECISION WAS SIMPLE. AT THIS CLOSE QUARTERS THERE WAS NO TIME FOR A CLEAN KILLING SHOT. WE MIGHT HAVE BLASTED EACH OTHER TO SCRAP TRYING.
BUT TO IMMOBILISE IT, TO FUSE THE SAND AROUND ITS FEET TO MICA GLASS THAT RESTORES OUR EDGE.
IT STRUGGLES TO MOVE, TO TRAVERSE ITS MAIN WEAPONS. IT IS SET IN GLASS, LIKE A FLY IN AMBER.
I MOVE TO THE SIDE AND LOWER THE VOLCANO CANNON.
...AS AN INFANTRY OFFICER MIGHT TAKE HIS PISTOL TO THE HEAD OF A KNEELING PRISONER.

FWHOOOOOOOM!!!

KILL CONFIRMED.
PRINCEPS, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
EMPATHIC WOUNDING IT WILL PASS, MODERATI I'LL LIVE.
AND LEARN, HEKATE QUICK WITS SAVED YOU THERE A FINE TACTICAL PLOY.
BUT SAVOUR THE PAIN, SHARE THE GRINDING ACHE OF THE WOUND IN THE MACHINES BELLY DON'T SUPPRESS IT.
LET IT REMIND YOU THAT EVEN MACHINE GODS CAN DIE
'MAKE IT A LESSON YOU ONLY HAVE TO LEARN ONCE'
TO BE CONTINUED...

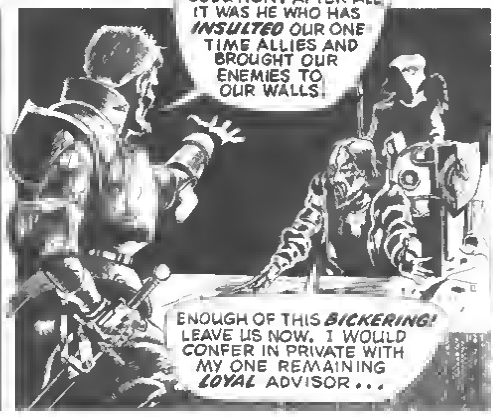
Unholy Alliance

Story - Gordon Rennie
Art - Simon Harrison
Letters - David Pugh

"WAR IS MERELY TRADE CONTINUED BY OTHER MEANS" WROTE MERCHANT EXPLORER MARCO COLOMBO, AND NOWHERE IS THIS MORE EVIDENT THAN AMONGST THE RIVAL CITY STATES OF HIS OWN HOMELAND OF TILEA. IT IS THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF THE SIEGE OF PARMIS. OUTSIDE ITS WALLS, THE ARMY OF A JEALOUS NEIGHBOUR STATE GATHERS FOR YET ANOTHER ATTACK.

INSIDE THE BESIEGED CITY, DUKE VIALLO ASSEMBLES HIS MOST TRUSTED ADVISORS TO DISCUSS THE CRISIS - -
... IT IS HOPELESS MY LORD. OUR GRAIN STORES ARE ALMOST EMPTY AND ENEMY REINFORCEMENTS ARE ARRIVING EVERY DAY.
EVEN IF WE HOLD OFF THEIR NEXT ATTACK, WE WILL SOON BE STARVED INTO SUBMISSION!
WHAT OF OUR ALLIES? HAVE WE NOT SENT ENVOYS TO OUR TRADING PARTNERS, SEEKING THE HELP THEY ONCE PROMISED US?

YES, AND IN RETURN THEY SEND US EXCUSES AND MESSAGES OF WEAK SYMPATHY, NO DOUBT ANTICIPATING THE RICH PICKINGS OUR ENEMY HAS ALREADY SECRETLY PROMISED THEM.


PERHAPS THE WISE ZODACION HAS A SOLUTION. AFTER ALL IT WAS HE WHO HAS INSULTED OUR ONE TIME ALLIES AND BROUGHT OUR ENEMIES TO OUR WALLS.
ENOUGH OF THIS BICKERING! LEAVE US NOW. I WOULD CONFER IN PRIVATE WITH MY ONE REMAINING LOYAL ADVISOR...

MY LORD?
LOYAL ZODACION. YOU SPOKE BEFORE OF... CERTAIN ALLIES... WHO MAY YET BE WILLING TO COME TO OUR AID. IS IT NOW TOO LATE TO CALL UPON THEM?
IT IS NOT, MY LORD. TELL ME YOUR WILL, AND I CAN SEND WORD TO THEM THIS NIGHT.
THEN DO IT, I COMMAND YOU.
AND THE PRICE?
WHATEVER THEY DESIRE. GOLD. GEMS. TERRITORIES AND TRADING RIGHTS.
DAWN, MASTER MAGICIAN. OUR ENEMY MASSES FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT. WHERE ARE THE ALLIES YOU HAVE PROMISED US?
THE WEALTH OF PARMIS AND ALL IT CONTAINS IS THEIRS TO CHOOSE. I WILL NOT SURRENDER, AND I WILL NOT ALLOW PARMIS TO FALL!
THEY ARE COMING, MY LORD. THE MESSAGE HAS BEEN SENT. THE BARGAIN WILL BE FULFILLED.
SEE! THEY COME NOW! OUR ALLIES HAVE ARRIVED!
GODS HAVE MERCY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, MY LORD--?

'SKAVEN! YOU HAVE SUMMONED THE SERVANTS OF THE HORNED RAT TO THE VERY GATES OF THE CITY!'
HE HAS DONE WHAT HE MUST TO ENSURE THE *SAFETY* OF OUR CITY AND ITS PEOPLE.
WATCH, CAPTAIN. SEE FOR YOURSELF THE WORTH OF THE *ONLY* ALLIES WHO WOULD ANSWER OUR PLEAS FOR HELP!
BEHOLD, MY LORD. IN SEVENTEEN DAYS, WE WERE NOT ABLE TO BREAK THE SIEGE AROUND OUR CITY.
WITHIN BUT *ONE HOUR*, OUR ALLIES WILL HAVE SWEPT OUR ENEMIES FROM THE FIELD!

THEY ARE FLEEING! THE RAT-HOST HAS BROKEN THEM!
VERY WELL. OPEN THE GATES...
BRING OUT THE WAGONS, LET THEM RECEIVE THE TREASURE TRIBUTE THEY HAVE BEEN PROMISED, AND LET US BE DONE WITH THIS HELLISH BARGAIN!
SOMETHING IS WRONG, MY LORD. THEY ARE REFUSING THE TRIBUTE WE OFFER THEM!
SPELL-CASTER! WHAT TREACHERY HAVE YOU WROUGHT? WHAT DID YOU PROMISE THEM?
WHAT PRICE MUST WE PAY FOR THE BARGAIN YOU HAVE MADE.
S-SLAVES... THEY WANTED SLAVES, NOT GOLD, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, MY LORD... IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE OUR PEOPLE...
OUR CHILDREN. I PROMISED THEM ONE THOUSAND OF OUR CHILDREN.
OUR CHILDREN! TRAITOR, I WOULD NEVER HAVE AGREED TO SUCH AN OBSCENITY!
NO... NO!!

SECURE THE GATES! PUT EVERY MAN ON THE WALLS!
IT IS TOO LATE, YOU FOOL! NO CITY WALL IN THE WORLD CAN KEEP OUT THE FORCES OF THE RAT-HOST.
THEY NEST IN THE BOWELS OF THE WORLD, AND THEIR HOMES ARE THE VERY TUNNELS AND SEWERWAYS BENEATH OUR FEET!
LOOK! THEY ARE ALREADY INSIDE THE CITY!
THE BARGAIN THAT TRAITOR MADE HAS DAMNED US ALL, MY LORD, AND NOW OUR 'ALLIES' HAVE COME TO CLAIM THE PRIZE WE SOUGHT TO CHEAT THEM OF!
OUTNUMBERED, THE DEFENDERS STOOD LITTLE CHANCE AGAINST THE SKAVEN.
STREETS CHOKED WITH CORPSES, WITH ONLY ONE DREADFUL MYSTERY REMAINING.
NO MAN OR WOMAN HAD BEEN SPARED. BUT AMONGST THE DEAD THE SEARCHERS FOUND NO TRACE OF WHAT FATE HAD BEFALLEN THE CHILDREN OF PARMIS...
AFTERWARDS, SCOUTS FROM THE NEIGHBOURING CITY STATES ARRIVED, AND CARRIED BACK TERRIBLE TALES OF WHAT THEY HAD FOUND--
THE END

BLOODQUEST

"PARIAH"

SCRIPT & EDDIN RENNIE
ART COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS TONY LUKE

WARP SPACE, THE SHIFTING REALM OF THE IMPERIUM HOME TO DAEMONS AND OTHER COSMIC PREDATORS.
BRAVING ITS DEPTHS, THE SHIPS OF THE IMPERIUM TRUSTING TO THE PSYCHIC SIGNAL OF THE ASTRONOMICON TO GUIDE THEM SAFELY THROUGH ITS MANY DANGERS
CHAOS PIRATE VESSEL! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!

HULL-BREACH! OUR WARP SHIELD GENERATORS ARE STARTING TO FAIL!
TRADER-CAPTAIN! WITHOUT THE WARP SHIELDS WE SHALL BE TORN APART BY FORCES OF THE MAELSTROM!

CHANNEL ALL AVAILABLE POWER TO THE SHIELDS AND PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY EXIT FROM THE WARP!
SIGNAL-ADEPT, BROADCAST A DISTRESS CALL ON ALL FREQUENCIES!

ELSEWHERE IN THE WARP...
'WE PRAY THAT SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, THERE ARE OTHER SERVANTS OF THE EMPEROR WHO WILL ANSWER OUR DISTRESS CALL...'
MY LORD WE ARE PICKING UP A DISTRESS SIGNAL ON A CODED IMPERIUM FREQUENCY CODEX DESIGNATE IDENTIFIES THE VESSEL AS 'LIGHT OF DIOGENES'. UNDER THE COMMAND OF TRADER CAPTAIN NICODEMUS MEDACIO
A ROGUE TRADER! TRACK SIGNAL TO SOURCE AND GO TO BATTLE STATIONS
TRANIO TAKE CLOTEN, PALEMON AND VALERIUS AND ASSEMBLE ON THE TELEPORTARIUM DECK!
LIGHT OF DIOGENES. THIS IS BLOOD ANGELS VESSEL EXILE' STAND TO WE ARE ENGAGING ENEMY VESSEL '
OPEN FIRE ALL WEAPONS! LAST A HOLE THROUGH ITS VOID SHIELDS FOR A TELEPORT ASSAULT'

SHIELDS NEUTRALISED! VESSEL'S COMMAND DECK IDENTIFIED! COMMENCE TELEPORT ASSAULT!"
FZZT
BAM
KA-CHUNK
TARGET ALL CONTROL SYSTEMS! DESTROY EVERYTHING! WITHOUT WEAPONS OR POWER THEIR VESSEL WILL BE HELPLESS AGAINST OUR OWN!
BAM!
CHOOM
TRAITOR MARINES! PURIFY THEM LET THE VENGEANCE OF THE EMPEROR BE UNLEASHED UPON HIS BETRAYERS!
SLAY THE DOGS! LET THEIR WEAKLING EMPEROR HEAR THEIR DEATH SCREAMS AS HE SITS ROTTING ON HIS CRUMBLING THRONE!

AH, I SENSE THE HUNGER WITHIN YOU BROTHER! YOU ARE NOT LIKE THESE OTHER WEAKLINGS!
WHY FIGHT AGAINST THE INEVITABLE? SURRENDER TO THE HUNGER! JOIN US AND LET THE POWER OF CHAOS NOURISH AND STRENGTHEN YOU!
RRAAAGHHH!
CHAIK!
NO! NEVER!!
KRRRK KRRRK KRRRK CLANG KRRRK
I AM CLOTEN OF THE BLOOD ANGELS A SON OF SANGUINIUS AND WHEN I SUCCUMB TO THE MADNESS IT SHALL BE WITH HIS SACRED NAME STILL UPON MY LIPS!
NEVER SHALL I YIELD, TRAITOR SCUM! NEVER SHALL I BETRAY HE WHOSE VERY LIFEBLOOD FLOWS THROUGH MY VEINS!
CHOOM
CLOTEN! OUR WORK HERE IS DONE WE MUST RETURN TO OUR OWN VESSEL NOW BROTHER-CAPTAIN LEONATOS COMMANDS IT!
HAH! TODAY WOULD BE A GOOD DAY TO DIE BUT YOU ARE RIGHT, BROTHER-SERGEANT —
WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED OUR MISSION, AND I AM NOT YET READY TO DIE, NOT UNTIL OUR QUEST IS OVER --
FWSHOOM

ASSAULT SQUAD HAS RETURNED TO THE TELEPORTARIUM. SENSORS SHOW CHAOS RAIDER'S SHIELDS AND WEAPON SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN DISABLED.
ENEMY VESSEL DESTROYED
OPEN UP A COMMUNICATIONS CHANNEL TO THE ROGUE TRADER SHIP -
EXILE TO LIGHT OF DIOGENES. DO YOU REQUIRE SAFE ESCORT BACK INTO THE WARP?
ATTENTION UNIDENTIFIED SHIP WE DO NOT RECOGNISE YOUR STATUS AS A VESSEL OF THE IMPERIUM.
DISENGAGE IMMEDIATELY OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO OPEN FIRE!
MAXIMUM STRIKE! SCATTER ITS ATOMS TO THE STARS!
I AM LEONATOS OF THE BLOOD ANGELS! WE ARE ENGAGED ON A MISSION ON BEHALF OF OUR CHAPTER -
YOU ARE OUTCASTS, CAPTAIN. EXCOMMUNICATED FROM YOUR CHAPTER AND FORBIDDEN FROM CONTACT WITH ALL OTHERS UNTIL YOU HAVE REDEEMED YOURSELVES!
BLOOD ANGEL DID YOU THINK THE INQUISITION WOULD NOT BE INFORMED OF YOUR STATUS AS A PARIAH OF THE IMPERIUM?
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS TRADER-CAPTAIN BREAK OFF COMMUNICATION WITH THE RENEGADE AND SEE TO THE REPAIRS OF YOUR VESSEL

MY APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN LEONATOS I AM THE MASTER OF THIS VESSEL, BUT IN MATTERS OF IMPERIUM ORTHODOXY, INQUISITOR KELMAN HAS AUTHORITY
I AM A LOYAL SERVANT OF THE EMPEROR, BUT I AM ALSO A TRADER I OWE YOU FOR SAVING MY SHIP AND CREW HONOUR DEMANDS I MUST TRADE YOU SOMETHING IN RETURN...
YOU SEEK THE FLEET OF THE WARLORD GARSHÛL THE DESTROYER
IN OUR JOURNEY, WE HAVE HEARD RUMOURS OF AN ORK WARFLEET MASSING IN THE SEGMENTUM OBSCURUS I DO NOT KNOW IF IT IS THE ONE YOU SEEK, BUT IT WAS LAST REPORTED IN THE LEPTIS SYSTEM
SO DEEP IN IMPERIUM SPACE? WHY HAS THIS WARHOST BEEN ALLOWED TO GO UNCHECKED?
THEN YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THE RUMOURS...?
THEY SAY THAT DARK FORCES ARE GATHERING WITHIN THE EYE OF TERROR AND THAT EVERY AVAILABLE SPACE MARINE CHAPTER HAS BEEN COMMITTED TO BATTLE LEAVING THE ORKS FREE TO PLUNDER AT WILL
I HAVE HEARD YOUR OWN CHAPTER IS AMONGST THOSE CHOSEN TO HOLD THE LINE AGAINST THE FORCES OF CHAOS
YOU BRING TROUBLING NEWS TRADER CAPTAIN MEDACIO BUT YOU HAVE MY THANKS I KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE RISKED BY EVEN TALKING TO ME
I AM NOW BREAKING OFF COMMUNICATION AND RETURNING TO THE WARP ON COURSE TO LEPTIS
MAY THE EMPEROR GO WITH YOU, MY FRIEND, AND GUIDE US IN OUR SEPARATE DESTINIES
NEXT: DEAD CALM!